

THE BURGLAR'S BLUE BOOK

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By KIRK MILLER

KID McKETRICK could pick a safe with the best of 'em. He gave odds in this department of living to everybody and accepted them of none.

Kid started off his career well enough, but got side-tracked into a breed of criminal procedure which gave him entree to the most majestic jails in the universe. He commenced at picking the banjo when but a lad of fifteen, but before he was thirty-five he could pick his way out from behind any set of bars in the world.

If you are fond of rascality, here is a viand.

Kid McKetrick played the hero and the villain of every piece of



He Left the Western Front in Disgust.

second-story work he staged. If his customers didn't like the production, he gave 'em their money back. That's Kid McKetrick. Yes he did!

The Kid was the prime mover for wrong of both seacoasts and

sexes. If there was anything on earth or suburbs which he despised it was law and order. For the one he had pop-eyed disdain; for the other he possessed iron-clad indifference. McKetrick was so honery that the pours of his skin were inverted. Instead of being concave they were convex. This gave him an exterior and an interior like a nutmeg grater.

Temper! The lad carried a disposition like a buzz saw. In order to approach him it was necessary to jar him out of his bad frame of mind with a stick of dynamite and then do business before he realized what had happened.

McKetrick served in the recent world unpleasantness, but as things were too mild for him there, he left the western front in disgust. He entered the service as a captain and left it as a corporal. His strides were so rapid the ink wasn't dried on one demotion before the next one was ready for regimental approval. Toward the last, instead of dropping him one grade, they dropped him two at a time in order to catch up with his conduct unbecoming a gentleman and a soldier.

Finally they auctioned him off for the good of the service while he was still in the A. E. F. and paid him a royalty not to return to the United States. He accepted the bonus graciously and then took the next steamer home.

But this description is only preliminary. It just goes to prove that McKetrick was a wolf-child and raised in a den like Tarzan of the Apes.

If he could pick a lock a day he was satisfied same as some people eating apples. It was a passion with him to break into something or out of something every twenty-four hours. When he couldn't pick a lock he sometimes compromised on picking a steel trap, but he got cured of the latter one night when he was prowling through the woods and walked into an iron device put there to entice skunks. A herd of these was in the offing, just getting ready to try out the new contraption, and

they pounced on him and knocked him for a regiment of perfume bottles. That was enough. After that he stuck to his trade.

His first major operation occurred on the main boulevard of his old home town when he snatched an elderly lady's pocketbook and ran two miles before stopping. He got away with this so well that he decided to go to a big city where there were more purses to be snatched.

After jipping all the defenseless women and children out of their small change and loose jewelry, Kid McKetrick aimed for bigger bait. He aimed so high that when he fell he dropped hard.

The Kid took to laying for bank runners and pay-roll clerks and made out pretty fat until he attacked an old man with whiskers to his knees and enough lumbago in his back to charge a storage battery.

It was Saturday night, with a long, hungry, gray Sunday coming on, and the Kid hadn't gas-piped anybody for over a week. His lunch account was overdue, and he was getting desperate in the digestive department.

The gentleman whom he chose as his impromptu benefactor was one of those lean, bent-over birds with a Prince Albert coat turned slightly green around the shoulder blades. Beaver hat worn tilted down over his heavy-set eyebrows, and scudding along with the aid of a hickory cane.

McKetrick had seen his prospective prey slide into a cigar store and buy a dime's worth of something or other for which he tendered a two-bit piece in payment. The fifteen cents change the cash customer shoved carelessly down in his bloomer pocket—which one McKetrick took careful pains to note.

The boy bandit stepped into the shadow of a building inset and waited for Rip Van Winkle to emerge with his coffee money. In time the old boy appeared, depending severely on his cane to make his way.

At the proper juncture McK. popped out at him like a cuckoo clock getting ready to announce noon. He dived for the fifteen cents and thought he was going to get away with it, when the By-Gone Baby reached out a lean paw and turned McKetrick across his knee same as if he was a sither.

Well, sir, the licking he slipped Kid McK. was a tear jerker. The agresse had a trip-hammer movement of the spanking hand which made McKetrick think he was back in school again. Then he bent



In Time the Old Boy Appeared.

that walking stick over the lad's spine piece as a fiddler massaging a violin. When our hero got out of the hospital he was a gray-haired old man with gout, insomnia, rheumatism, and a sour disposition. He was too infirm and feeble to snatch an infant away from its bottle—and his assailant had been buried in potter's field forty years before.

YOUR OLD FRIEND, A MUGG

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SOME people in this world are certainly low down and onery, and if you do not believe it all you have to do is to ask my old side-kicker, Chelsea McBride.

Chelsea says it is getting so you do not know who to trust nowadays. In fact, Chelsea says, he is losing faith in human nature, and all because of what happens to him in a business proposition not long ago.

This Chelsea McBride is in the importing business, his racket being to bring in Scotch whiskey and one thing and another from Canada and to sell same to his customers at a nice price per case.

He takes an automobile every so often and goes up into Canada and loans on pinch bottles and White Horse and Haig and Haig and runs it down to the New York market, and by being very industrious and paying strict attention to things, Chelsea builds up a neat business, because he certainly delivers good stuff.

It is a risky business in some respects, because his merchandise is very perishable, what with revenue guys stopping his automobile whenever they can and drinking up all his Scotch, but Chelsea is doing pretty good for himself at that, and is never happier in his life.

Well, Chelsea does most of his buying from a bird with chin whiskers up on the Canadian border by the name of Charley MacDougal, and Chelsea says he seems to be as right a guy as you will want to meet, even if he does have an English accent.

Chelsea says he will trust this MacDougal as far as he can see him, although of course Chelsea is somewhat near-sighted, so maybe he does not mean as far as you may think. But, anyway, he has quite a little confidence in MacDougal, and does plenty of business in Scotch with him, and confidence is a fine spirit in any business.

Well, one day Chelsea runs into the biggest order for Scotch he ever gets in his life. It is from a guy who runs a high-class cafe on Broadway and who wishes the Scotch to sell to his customers at one buck fifty per drink, or forty bucks per bottle, and more, according to the customer.

Naturally, Chelsea is all hopped up about this order, especially as he



It Is a Very Risky Business.

canvasses the cafe guy for his business for months without getting a tumble. It is considered the most important transaction in bootlegging circles for a long time, and everybody is very jealous of Chelsea McBride.

It seems that the order calls for a layout of about five grand by Chelsea, a grand being a way for saying a thousand bucks, and five

grand being five thousand bucks, but Chelsea has no trouble getting the dough, because he is sure of a nice profit for his end.

So Chelsea gets out an automobile truck, and away he goes to Canada with a couple of stout lads to help him load and unload and maybe battle the revenue officers in case they come along for a drink. Of course he wires Charley MacDougal in advance so Charley will be



The Cafe Guy Will Not Pay for the Tea.

there at the border with the Scotch, and there is no hitch at that end whatever.

Well, after the Scotch is loaded on the truck, and they all have a few powders, which is a way of saying drinks, to celebrate the deal, Chelsea pays Charley MacDougal five grand in five one-thousand-dollar notes, and back he comes to New York with the Scotch.

THE BIG HEAP

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THE sorrows of Chief Beats-His-Own-Squaw are many. Chief Beats is the noblest red man ever to emerge from a tepee to lift a toupe with the rubber scalping knife. Truthful always—when a lie won't fit—Chief Beats has the confidence of pretty nearly every dead person in the world.



The Chief Approached the White House.

His reluctance to speak with a forked tongue, his enemies declare, comes from his habit of eating with a knife. This mode of spearing his beans, catch-as-catch-can style, is so dear to the noble sachem's heart, not to mention his liver, that he is now in Washington to protect his rights.

The Great White Father may receive a visit from Chief Beats any

day, although the celebrated redskin usually calls at night and gets in through a window. The chief has worked his way from Hoosgow Reservation. This marks the first and last time that any work has crept in or will stagger into the career of this noted aborigine.

Out at Hoosgow, where the wampum is as valuable as a flivver's tonnage, the boys eat as they please, whether they learned manners at Carlisle or by correspondence course. When it comes to steering spinach, Chief Beats and his broad-gauge cutlass hold all records in the tomahawk zone.

When he heard that they were planning on disarming America to make the world free for Japocracy, Chief Beats thought the boys were talking against his dagger-and-potato system of gastronomic massacre.

Giving the battle cry of the Old Crows, which is a fast-flying set of drinking Indians, Chief Beats lost no time and very little wampum in getting busy. He tried to do it by telephone, but got a New York answer, which comes from the wrong number at intervals of every three centuries.

Having believed that the Democratic administration was the White Man's Burden, the chief approached the White House with a hope that Republicans wouldn't dare put safety razor attachments on the cutlery of nations. But he was informed that the boys who play about the boss in the Pale Wigwam were telling their friendly enemies overseas to use marshmallows instead of cannon balls and non-skid prayer books in lieu of communiques from the front trenches.

When the chief heard Secretary Hughes' talk translated, he exclaimed: "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"Two o'clock," observed Mr. Hughes, adjourning the session to give Japan another hour to think.

The chief put in a war whoop to be permitted to sit at the parley table. When he found they weren't serving anything to eat, but a whole lot to swallow, he declined a place. Spectators who saw the lone Indian wandering near the furthestmost fringe of the throng that sought entry to the chamber of horrors mistook him for a journalist, as it seemed improbable that he would get within earshot of the vocal gumbo the boys were airing.

During the sessions, although worried as to the policy the powers might adopt toward using a knife instead of a fork, Chief Beats was mildly interested in recommendations calling for the removal of the point of the Washington Monument so that toy balloons would not be punctured when striking thereon. Secretary Hughes then called for another recess of two months so that the Japanese could see the point.

Determined to press his rights for eating with a knife, Chief Beats-His-Own-Papoose's-Mother called on the janitor of one of the Government buildings. The latter was working busily over a copy of Secretary Joe's book on "How Tough It Was to Be the President's President."

Somehow the visiting Indian and the janitor got to drinking something that seemed to have originated at one of the embassy huts. Chief Beats forgot his grievances. He ceased fearing that the assembled

By GENE FOWLER

diploerheumatics might take away his bowie knife at chow time. In that respect he mumbled to his large and appreciative audience (he could now see four hundred and ten janitors):

"Anyway (hic) Injun no have to drink with knife, and drink heap better'n chow."



Chief Beats Soon Forgot His Grievances.

Chief Beats then added:

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"Three o'clock," observed Mr. Hughes, adjourning the session to give Japan another year to think. When chief mentioned something about "chow" the Nipponese boys thought there was a joker in it that provided for the extraction of teeth from Chinese dogs.

FEMININE INFLUENCE AT THE CONFERENCE

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A FANSTY-FACED Pekineseblinb- ed contentedly at the rose-shaded candelabra of the tea table, from the arm of a smiling little Peking lady. One wondered whether it was this frivolous bit of doghood or the absurdly small Chinese feet that most belied the reputation of the owner.

Mrs. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese minister to Great Britain and a delegate to the arms conference, is said to be a real power in the politics of her country and of the arms conference. A passionate patriot, it is said that a large share of credit is due her for the wringing of concessions favorable to China from the conference.

Mme. Rene Viviani is another tiny bit of femininity who has a big reputation for sagacity in political affairs. She was the only woman permitted to accompany the delegation to this country by Premier Briand.

There are two kinds of feminine influence at work upon the arms

conference just now. There is the indirect kind, represented by the women just mentioned, and the direct kind, represented by the four women appointed by President Harding to the advisory committee and the others who have come here representing constituencies of women from all over the world.

The latter type of influence is at a disadvantage in that it is on the outside TRYING to look in as it were. Even the members of the advisory committee have no real influence upon the decisions of the delegates, as it is an accepted fact that it is an honorary body largely.

Women have come to Washington from the four corners of the earth to bring messages from the women of their respective countries to the arms conference. Such women as Miss Nellie Scanlan of New Zealand, Mme. Hilde Onowye of Japan, Mme. Siri Hard of Sweden and Miss Kate Mannscom of England, representing a million and a half British laboring women, are

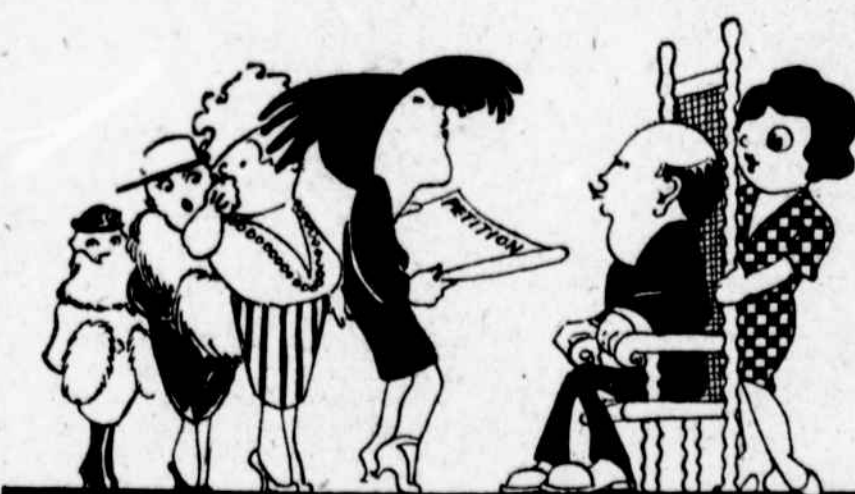
here trying to make themselves and their messages heard. But their voices do not penetrate the stout walls of the conference.

It is upon the wives and relatives of the delegates that the women of the world still have to look for representation of their sex.

The hand that rocks the cradle helps to rule the Washington conference. That is to say, the women in the families of the delegates are the only real feminine influences in the arms conference.

Behind every successful man you will find a woman.

It is an interesting game in Washington to seek the woman. On this quest I discovered that the woman behind the bachelor Balfour is his sister, who manages his affairs in his London home. It is in London too that Mrs. Wellington Koo first gave an intimation of her capabilities as a political hostess. Before she married the Chinese minister a short time ago she was known as the Countess



BEHIND EVERY SUCCESSFUL MAN IS A WOMAN.

Hoey Stocker. She is the daughter of a Chinese sugar king and was born in the Straits of Java. Upon the death of her father, her mother

other things an accomplished linguist. This aids her in her aspirations of furthering her husband's political career.

She first blazed upon the Washington consciousness at a dinner given at the White House just after the opening of the parley. A golden and gorgeous creature she appeared, a decided contrast to the former wife of the minister, who died during the flu epidemic while little person addicted to wearing native costumes. A bird of paradise compared to a gentle love dove would well represent the two women. The present Mrs. Koo has some of the most sumptuous European gowns and furs seen in the Capital. At the White House dinner she was attired in a creation of gold tissue over which was draped gold lace delicately embroidered in green. From shoulder shimmered a golden train that

married an Englishman and she was brought to London to live. Education and culture were lavished upon her and she became among

swept the floor for a few inches, while the skirt was shortened to well above the ankles. Her dainty Oriental features were crowned by a golden Russian headdress encrusted with emeralds. Following the ancient custom of her country and a more recent custom of ours, she was well rouged and was easily the most conspicuous but clearly charming person at the dinner. She is an adept conversationalist, and she chattered at ease to her companions at left and right in two different languages.

Mrs. Koo never misses the luncheon conference at the Massachusetts avenue headquarters of the Chinese. She is never seen without her Pekinese, which gives an incongruous touch that is at variance with her reputation for deep and designing thinking.

Mme. Viviani has brought along some much-admired costumes from her dear Paris. She, too, thinks well of clothes and believes in their

power to attain political ends. When I saw her she was wearing a black satin gown embroidered in gold thread and trimmed in monkey fur. She declared she was not in favor of direct political power for women—that is, the vote. She does want, however, to see women justly treated under the law, and she declared that her husband, the former premier of France, has worked for twenty-five years to bring about reforms in the laws concerning women.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth is the American woman who, it is said, is most informed about public affairs and of the things going on behind the scenes in political life. She was observed at the arms conference diligently taking notes. She is a frequent visitor to the Senate gallery, though her husband is a member of the House, and her home, it is said, is a political salon worthy of comparison with the salons conducted by women in France during the eighteenth century.

By CAROLYN VANCE